

Engl. Theatre. 774
vol 87.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA,

A

TRAGEDY;

ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

COVENT-GARDEN;

ALTERED FROM

JAMES THOMSON. *A*

And new adapted to the Stage by

THOMAS HULL.

Sequiturque Patrem non passibus equis. VIRGIL.

LONDON:

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and C. EATHERINGTON, at York,

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[Price One Shilling.]

1907



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P R E F A C E.

THOMSON'S Writings in general are so replete with moral and religious Instruction, as well as Sentiment and Poetry, that they ought, surely, to be, as familiar to the Ear of those who have not Means or Leisure for reading, as they are to the Contemplation of those who are possessed of such elegant Advantages. It had long been Matter of Regret to the present Editor of this Play, that so striking an Event in the Annals of *England*, and such an exemplary Instance of conjugal Heroism, should have been excluded the *Stage*, that extensive Record of noble Actions, and Witnesses against vicious ones. Mrs. *Barry* hinted a Wish to restore it; a Desire to oblige that excellent Actress, and furnish her with a new Opportunity of displaying her Abilities, as well as an Ardour to be the Means of producing to an Audience another Work of our amiable and elegant *Thomson*, induced the Editor to undertake a hasty Alteration. The Omission of exceptionable Passages rendered *some* Additions indispensably necessary; such as they are, particularly

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ticularly the proposed Scene at the Opening of the last Act (which, through Mr. Barry's ill Health, and the Scantiness of Time to prepare the Play for Representation, was not studied) he submits them, with Deference and Timidity, to a kind and candid Public, hoping that his *Motives* to this Attempt will constitute some Degree of Merit, and conciliate mild Judgment and gentle Criticism.

MARCH 25, 1775.

P.R.O.

PROLOGUE.

By Mr. HULL.

*T*O-Night your Favour and your Praise we claim,
For lo! the Page, bears Thomson's honour'd Name.
'Tis your own Thomson — he whose li'bral Mind
Breatb'd love to all — the Friend of Human Kind!
Thro' all the various Year his Genius ran,
And prov'd the Poet, while it grac'd the Man,
Spring comes from him in loveliest Tints array'd,
He gives her Beauties, that can never fade;
In deathless Roses is his Summer dress'd,
And ever-cheering Verdure robes her Breast;
His Fields with Stores exhaustless Autumn crowns,
And with uncounted Pride majestic Winter frowns.

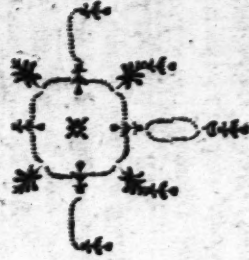
Oh on these Boards bath Coriolanus bled,
And Sigmunda, Tears of Virtue shed;
True to his Fame, we usher to the Stage
This long-neglected, well-deserving Page;
“ Wherein old English Honour lives anew,
“ Your great first Edward rising to your View.”
Where Eleonora's Firmness beams a Grace,
A Dignity o'er all the Female Race.
“ These Scenes would void Humanity impart,
“ Would breathe extensive Candour thro' the Heart.
“ If your lov'd Poet paints a noble Strife
“ 'Twixt the fond Husband and the gen'rous Wife,
“ If all the Father in his Voice complains,
“ And all the Mother in her tender Strains,
“ If these best Passions prompt the pleasing Woe,
“ Indulge it freely — Nature bids it flow —
“ Where Parent Nature leads you cannot stray,
“ For what she wills, 'tis Virtue to obey.”

* The Lines marked with inverted Commas are taken from the original Prologue to the Play.

While

P R O L O G U E.

*While then, with feeble Aid, we strive to raise
From dark Oblivion these neglected Lays,
Let Judgment, blind to us, alone regard
The genuine Beauties of the gentle Bard;
And to that Wreath, which must for ever bloom,
Bestow one Laurel mote, & adorn his Tomb.*



CHARACTERS.

EDWARD, Prince of England,	Mr. LEWIS.
Earl of GLOSTER,	Mr. HULL.
THEALD, Archdeacon of Liege,	Mr. CLARKE.
SELIM, Sultan of Jaffe, Mr. BARRY OF Mr. BENSLEY,	
ASSASSIN,	Mr. L'ESTRANGE.
OFFICER,	Mr. THOMPSON.
ELEONORA, Princess of England,	Mrs. BARRY.
PARAZA, an Arabian Princess,	Mrs. MATTOCKS.

SCENE, Edward's Tent in the Camp before Jaffa, a City
on the Coast of Palestine.

JOHN H. HARRIS, President.

Director of the Library.

Director of the Library.

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CHARACTERS



EDWARD AND ELEONORA:

TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE, a Camp.

Enter Prince Edward, Theald Archdeacon of Liege, and the Earl of Gloster.

EDWARD.

I Will no longer doubt. 'Tis plain, my Friends,

That with our little Band of *English* Troops,

By all Allies, all western Powers deserted,

(All but the noble Knights that guard this Land,

The Flower of *Europe* and of Christian Valour,) still of

Nought can be done; nought worthy of our Cause,

Worthy of *England's* Heir, and of the Name

Of Lion-hearted *Ribbard*; whose Renown,

After almost a Century clapt'd,

Shakes thro' its wide Extent this Eastern World,

What else could bend the *Saracen* to Peace,

Who

2 EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

Who might, with better Policy, refuse
To grant it us? Yes, to the Prince of *Jaffe*
I will accord the Peace he has demanded;
And tho' my Troops, impatient, wait the Signal
To storm yon Walls, yet will I not expose,
In vain Attempts, Valour that should be sav'd
For better Days, and for the public Welfare.
Rash fruitless War, from wanton Glory wag'd,
Is only splendid Murder—What says *Theald*?
Approves my reverend Father of my Purpose?

THEALD.

Edward, illustrious Heir of *England's* Crown,
I must indeed be blinded with the Zeal
Of this our holy Cause, to think your Arms,
Thus all-forlaken, thus betray'd, sufficient
To reach the Grandeur of your first Design,
And, from the Yoke of Infidels, to free
The sacred City, Object of our Vows.
Yet this, methinks, this *Jaffe* might be seiz'd:
That still were something, an auspicious Omen
Of future Conquest—But, unskill'd in War,
To you, my Lord, and *Glester's* wise Experience,
I this submit.

EDWARD.

Speak, *Glester*, your Advice,
Before I fix my latest Resolution.

GLOSTER.

You know, my Lord, I never was a Friend
To this Crusade. My unchang'd Advice
Is strenuous then for Peace. Nor urge I this
From your deserted Circumstance alone,
But from the State of our unhappy Country.
Behold her, *Edward*, with a fatal Eye,
Behold her bleeding still from savage War,
And say, is this a Time for these Adventures?

Return

Return, return ; lose not a Day, an Hour,
 Before this City. Tho' your Cause be holy,
 Believe me, 'tis a much more pious Office,
 To tend your Father's old and broken Years,
 And fold his Care-worn Heart in downy Peace:
 A nobler Office far ! on the firm Base
 Of well-proportion'd Liberty, to build
 The common Quiet, Happiness and Glory,
 Of King and People, *England's* rising Grandeur.

T H E A L D.

Gloster, thy stronger Arguments have won me
 To join thy Cause—nay add one Reason more
 For Peace, immediate Peace—should blind Misfortune,
 In this far-distant hostile Land, oppress us;
 (A Chance to] which our Weakness stands expos'd :)
 What, *Edward*, of thy Princess would become,
 Thy *Eleonora* ; she, whose tender Love
 Thro' stormy Seas, and in fierce Camps, attends thee ?
 What of thy blooming Offspring ? Charg'd with these,
 To give our Courage scope were cruel Rashness.

E D W A R D.

Enough, my Lord, I stand resolv'd on Peace ;
 If *Selim* offer honourable Terms,
 Such as may suit our Dignity and Glory ;
 Such as without a Blush we may proclaim,
 When, on Arrival at our native Coast,
 Flush'd with gay Hope the People round us press
 To learn by what Exploits we have sustain'd
 The Fame of *Richard* and of *English* Valour.
 We wait his last Appeal.—Meanwhile, good *Gloster*,
 See that the captive Princess, fair *Daraxa*,
 Be yielded to the Sultan of this City,
 Whose Bride she is.—We wage not War with Women.

Enter

4 EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

Enter an Officer belonging to the Prince.

OFFICER.

One from the Prince of *Yaffa*, Sir, demands
Your secret Ear on some important Message.

EDWARD.

Conduct him to my Tent—

[Officer goes out.]

He brings, I judge,
The Sultan's last Instructions for this Peace.
Here wait: I may require your faithful Counsel. *[Exit.]*

THEALD.

Whatever Woes, of late, have clouded *England*;
Yet must I, *Gloster*, call that nation happy,
On whose Horizon smiles a dawning Prince
Of *Edward's* Worth and Virtues.

GLOSTER.

True, my Friend;
Edward has great, has amiable Virtues,
That Virtue chiefly which befits a Prince:
He loves the People he must one Day rule;
With Fondness loves them, with a noble Pride;
Esteems their Good, esteems their Glory his.

THEALD.

But let me ask thee, *Gloster*, whence the Motive,
That bids thee wear the Chains of Court-Attendance,
At these grey Years; that should in calm Retirement
Pass the soft Evening of a bustling Life,
And plume thy parting Soul for better Worlds?

GLOSTER.

GLOSTER.

Amidst his many Virtues, youthful *Edward*
 Is lofty, warm, and absolute of Temper:
 I therefore seek to moderate his Heat,
 To guide his fiery Virtues: hence I attend him
 In Expeditions which I ne'er approv'd,
 In holy Wars—your pardon, reverend Father—
 I must declare I think such Wars the Fruit
 Of idle Courage or mistaken Zeal.

THEALD.

I venerate this Land. Its sacred Hills,
 Its Vales, its Cities, trod by Saints and Prophets,
 By God himself, the Scenes of heavenly Wonders,
 Inspire me with a certain awful Joy.

GLOSTER.

But the same God, my Friend, pervades, sustains,
 Surrounds and fills this universal Frame;
 And every Land where spreads his vital Presence,
 His all-enlivening Breath, to me is holy.

EDWARD, *behind the Scenes.*

Inhuman Villain! is thy Message Murder!

THEALD.

Ha! heard you not the Prince exclaiming Murder?

GLOSTER.

Should this Barbarian Messenger— [*Moving towards the*
 'Tis so! *Noise.*]

6 EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

To them Prince Edward wounded in the Arm, and dragging
is the Assassin.

EDWARD.

Detested Wretch! and doth the Prince of Jaffa
Send base Assassins to transact his Treaties?
Take then a Villain's due—Yet hold my Fury:
Let not the Blood that fills a Russian's Veins
Pollute a Prince's Hand! Justice, not Rage,
Shall vindicate my Wrongs. Guards, take him hence,
And let our equal Laws decide his Fate.

ASSASSIN.

Hear me, thou base Destroyer of the Faithful!
What tho' my erring Dagger miss'd thy Heart,
Yet hath it fir'd thy Veins with mortal Poison,
Whose very Touch is Death—*Allah* be prais'd!
Know, I can triumph, Christian, in the worst
Thou can'st decree, or thy vile Slaves inflict.

[*Assassin borne off.*]

GLOSTER.

Ha! Poison did he say?

THEALD.

The Prince of Jaffa!

Could he act thus?

EDWARD.

Read here the certain Proof
Of his abhorr'd Intent.

[*Gives Theald a Letter.*]

GLOSTER.

O Wound to England!

Then is at once my Prince and Country lost.

EDWARD.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

EDWARD.

Why stare ye pale Amazement on each other?
Are we not Men, to whom the various Chances
Of fickle Life are known?

THEALD.

My dearest Lord,
Retire, and seek Relief, without Delay,
Ere the fell Poison can diffuse its Rage,
And deeply taint your Blood.

EDWARD.

The Princess comes!

O save me from her Tenderness!

To them the Princess Eleonora.

ELEONORA.

My Edward!

Support me!—Oh!

EDWARD.

She faints—My Eleonora!

Look up, and blest me with thy gentle Eyes!—
The Colour comes, her Cheeks resume their Beauty,
And all her Charms revive—

ELEONORA.

And lives my Edward, lives my dearest Lord,
From this Assassin sav'd!—Alas! you bleed!

EDWARD.

'Tis nought, my lovely Princess! A slight Wound—

ELEONORA.

But ah! methought, I entering heard of Poison
Tainting

3 EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

Tainting the Blood——What! was the Dagger poison'd?—
Ha! silent all? will none relieve my Fears?—

GLOSTER.

Princes, restrain your Tenderneſs a Moment——
The Prince delays too long—Let him retire.
Meanwhile the troubled Camp ſhall be my Care;
Leſt the baſe Foe ſhould make a Sally,
While yet our Troops are ſtunn'd with this Diſaſter.

EDWARD.

I thank thee, noble *Gloſter*. Nor, alone,
Support my Troops; go, rouse them to revenge.
Tell them their injur'd Prince will try their Love,
Their Valour ſoon——And you, my Friend, good *Therſeld*,
Attend the Princeſs——Chear thee, *Eleonora*!
I cannot, will not, leave thee long, to vex
Thy tender Soul with aggravated Fears.

[*Exit with Gloſter.*]

THEALD.

Behold *Daraxa*, the falſe Sultan's Bride.

Enter Daraxa.

DARAXA.

Princeſs of *England*, let me ſhare thy Grief.
Whence flow theſe Tears, and what this wild Alarm,
This Noiſe of Murder and Aſſaſination?

ELEONORA.

Alas! the Prince is wounded by a Ruſſian;
And with a poiſon'd Dagger, as I fear.
Yet none will eaſe me of this racking Thought——
Nay,

EDWARD AND ELEONORA. 9

Nay, tell me, *Theald*, since to know the worst
Is oft a kind of miserable Comfort;
What hath befall'n the Prince? for this slight Wound
Could never thus o'ercast the Brave with Terror,

THEALD.

I dare not, Prince's, dally with your Fate,
An impious Villain, from the Sultan *Selim*,
Pretended to the Prince a secret Message,
About the Peace in Treaty; dreading nought,
He left us here, and to his Tent retir'd,
There to receive this execrable Envoy.
Strait with the Prince alone, the fierce Assassin
Attempted on his Life; but, in his Arm,
He took, it seems, the Blow, and from the Villain
Wresting the Dagger, gave him to the Law.
This last we saw, and heard th' inhuman Bigot,
(Who deem'd himself a Martyr in their Cause,)
Tauntingly boast, the Prince's Wound was poison'd—

ELEONORA.

Then all I fear'd is true! then am I wretched,
Beyond even Hope!

DARAXA.

A Villain, from the Sultan!—

ELEONORA.

Ah, the distracting thought! And is my Life!
My Love! my *Edward*! on the Brink of Fate!
Of Fate that may this Moment snatch him from me!

DARAXA.

What! *Selim* send Assassins! and beneath
A Name so sacred! *Selim*, whose Renown
Is Incense breathing o'er the sweeten'd East;
For each humane, each generous Virtue fan'd;
Selim! the Rock of Faith, and Sun of Honour!

C

ELE.

10 EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

Ô complicated Woe ! The Christian Cause
Hath now no more a Patron, and Restorer;
England no more a Prince, in whom she plac'd
Her Glory, her Delight, her only Hope;
These desolated Troops no more a Chief;
No more a Husband, a Protector, I,
A Friend, a Lover ! and my helpless Children
No more a Father !

DARAXA.

Pardon, gentle Princess,
If in this Whirlwind of revolving passions,
That snatch my Soul by Turns, I have forgot
To pay the Tribute which I owe thy Sorrows—
But I myself, alas ! am more unhappy !

ELEONORA.

What Woes can equal mine ? who lose, thus vilely,
The best ! the bravest ! loveliest of Mankind !—

DARAXA.

You lose the Lover, I must learn to hate him,
To scorn what once was all my Pride and Transport !
Should *Edward* die by this accursed Crime,
You with his Image, with his Virtues, still,
Amidst the pensive Gloom, may Converse hold ;
While I—Ah ! nothing meets my blasted Sight
But a black View of Infamy and Horror !
What is the Loss of Life to Loss of Virtue !—
He is belov'd—some Villain hath abus'd him.

THEALD.

I honour, Princess, this your virtuous Orde,
But that the Sultan did employ th' Assassin
Is past all doubt—Behold the false Instructions,

By

EDWARD AND ELEONORA. II

By which he gain'd Admittance.

[Giving her the Letter she Prince had given him.

DARAXA.

Ha!—'Tis so!
His Hand! his Seal!—From my detesting Heart;
I tear him thus for ever!—Perish *Selim*!
Perish the feeble Wretch, who more bewails him!
That were to share his Guilt—Unhappy Princes!
Now let me turn my Soul to thy Assistance—
There is a Cure, 'tis true—

ELEONORA.

O say, what Cure? A Cure, *Daraxa*!

DARAXA.

No; it avails not, Princess;
None can be found to risque it.

ELEONORA.

Quick tell me what it is, my dear *Daraxa*! None to risque it?

DARAXA.

To find some Person, who, with friendly Lip,
May draw the Poison forth; at least, its Rage
And mortal Spirit. This will bring the Wound
Within the Power of Art; but certain Death
Attends the generous Deed.

ELEONORA, kneeling.

Then hear me, Heaven!
Prime Source of Love! Ye Saints and Angels, hear!
I here devote me for the best of Men,
Of Princes and of *Husbands*. Oh! this Cross
I seal the cordial Vow; confirm it Heaven!
And grant me Courage in the Hour of Trial!
O,
THEATRE.

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THEALD.

O Tenderness unequal'd!

DARAXA.

Glorious Princess!

ELEONORA.

Go, *Theald*, quickly find the Earl of *Gloster*,
And with him break this Matter to the Prince;
Yet tell him but a Part; inform him, *Theald*,
He hath a zealous Friend, who well hath weigh'd
The Value of his Life, the Debt he owes
To *England*, to his Father, to his Children;
A Friend, who, by a solemn Vow engag'd,
Resolves to die for *Edward*—Say thus much,
But name not *Elenora*—Haste, my Friends,
And leave the rest to me.

[*Exeunt Theald and Daraxa.*

Immortal Shades,

Of godlike Heroes and exalted Matrons,
Who for the Cause of Loyalty and Love,
Have greatly suffered, and have nobly died,
Be present to me, that I may discharge,
The pious Office with becoming Firmness!
That, this great Duty paid, I may become
More worthy to partake that heav'nly Bliss,
Which can alone compensate for the Pangs,
The bitter Pangs, of parting from my *Edward*.

[*Exit.*

End of the First Act.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA 13

ACT II.

SCENE Edward's Tent.

Enter Gloster and Thealds

GLOSTER.

NO, *Theald*, no; he never will consent—
I know him well—he will not purchase Life,
At such a Rate: besides, in aid of Love,
His generous Pride would come, and deem it base to stoop.

THEALD.

Then is yon Sun his last. The blackening Wound
Begins already to confess the Poison—
Mean time, my Lord, both Friendship and Allegiance
Demand, at least, the Trial. Well I know,
That, poise his Life with hers, he would as nothing
Esteem his own: but sure the Life of Thousands,
The mingled Cause at once of Heaven and Earth,
Should o'er the best, the dearest Ties prevail.

GLOSTER.

Alas! my Friend, you reason, *Edward* loves.
How weak the Head contending with the Heart!
Yet be the Trial made—Behold he comes.

Enter Edward.

EDWARD.

O thou bright Sun! now hast'ning to those Climes,
That Parent Isle, which I no more shall see;
O thither bear, resplendent Orb of Day,
To that dear Spot of Earth my last Farewell!

And

14 EDWARD AND ELEANORA.

And thee, Eternal Providence, whose Course,
Amidst the various Maze of Life, is fix'd,
By boundless Wisdom and by boundless Love,
I follow thee, with Resignation, Hope,
With Confidence and Joy; for thou art good,
And of thy rising Goodness is no end!

Welcome, my dearest Friends! the Villain's Threatning
It was too true, and now I nearly touch
That awful Hour which every Man must prove.
Come then, and let us fill the Space between,
These last important Moments, whence we take
Our latest Tincture for Eternity,
With solemn Converse and exalting Friendship—
Nay,—*Glester*—wound me not with Tears,
With Tears that fall o'er venerable Cheeks!
What could the Princess more?—Ah! there, indeed,
At every Thought of her, I feel a Weight,
A dreadful Weight of Tenderness, that shakes
My firmest Resolution—Where is she?

THEALD.

She burns with fond Impatience to attend your

EDWARD.

And hew, brave *Glester*, did you leave the Camp?

GLOSTER.

The Camp, Sir, is secure: each Soldier there
From Indignation draws new Force and Spirit.
O 'tis a glorious, an affecting Sight!
Those furrow'd Cheeks, that never knew before
The Dew of Tears, now in a copious Shower
Are bath'd. Around your Tent they, various, croud,
Rank over Rank: some pressing for a Look;
Some sadly musing, with dejected Eye;
Some, on their Knees, preferring Vows to Heaven;
And, with extended Arms, some breathing Vengeance.
EDWARD.

EDWARD.

What unbought Love and generous Valour fire
 The free-born Heart!—Yet moderate their Zeal;
 And let the Sword of Justice only strike
 The faithless *Selim*, and his guilty Creatures.
 My new-departed Spirit, just escap'd
 From the low feverish Passions of this Life,
 Would grieve to see the Blood of Innocence,
 With that of Guilt confounded, stain my Tomb.

THEALD.

Permit me, Sir, the Hope, that you yourself—
 I speak it on just Cause—may live to punish
 This Breach of all the sacred Rights of Men.

EDWARD.

Why will you turn my Thoughts, from Earth enlarg'd,
 To soft ensleeping Views of Life again?

THEALD.

Not to a vain Desire of Life, my Lord,
 Would I recal them; but inspire each Hope,
 Advise each Possibility to save it.
 And there is yet a Remedy.

EDWARD.

Delusion!

THEALD.

The fair *Arabian* Princess mentioned one.

EDWARD.

She one!—*Daraxa*!—something to complete
 Her Lover's Crime.

THEALD.

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THEALD.

You could not wrong her thus,
Had you beheld the Tempest of her Soul,
Her Grief, her Rage, Confusion, when she heard
Of *Slim's* baseness; had you seen that Honour,
That glorious Fire that darted from her Eyes,
E'ill in a Flood of virtuous Sorrow sunk,
She almost equal'd *Eleonora's* Tears.

EDWARD.

What was it the prophet'd ?

THEALD.

It was, my Lord,
To find some Person, who, with friendly Lip,
Might draw the deadly Spirit——

EDWARD.

I have heard
Of such a Cure; but is it not, good *Theald*,
An Action fatal to the kind Performer ?

THEALD.

Yes, surely fatal.

EDWARD.

Name it then no more :
I should despise the paltry Life it purchas'd.
Besides, what Mortal can dispose so rashly
Of his own Life ? Talk not of low Condition,
And of my public Rank : when Life or Death
Becomes the Question, all Distinctions vanish ;
Then the first Monarch and the lowest Slave
On the same Level stand, in this the Sons
Of equal Nature all.

THEALD.

THEALD.

If 'tis a certain, an establish'd Duty,
 Than Duty more, the Height of human Virtue,
 To sacrifice a transitory Life
 For that kind Source from whence it is deriv'd,
 And all its guarded Joys, our dearest Country;
 To sacrifice it in the Cause of Heaven,
 Author of every Good: by the same Reason,
 It may be justly sacrific'd for those
 On whom depends the Welfare of the Public.
 And there is one, my Lord, who stands devoted,
 By solemn and irrevocable Vows,
 To die for you.

EDWARD.

To die for me!—Kind Nature!
 Thanks to thy forming Hand, I can myself,
 Cheerful, submit to pay this Debt I owe thee,
 Without the borrow'd sufferings of another,
 No, *Thou*, urge this Argument no more.
 I love not Life to that Degree, to purchase,
 By the sure Death of some brave guiltless Friend,
 A few uncertain Days, that often rise,
 Like this, serene and gay, when, with swift Wing,
 A Moment wraps them in disastrous Fate.

THEALD.

Did we consult to save your single Life,
 Was that the present Question, thy Refusal
 Were just, were generous. But, my Lord, this Person,
 Who stands for you devoted, should, in that,
 Be deem'd devoted for the Christian Cause,
 The common Cause of *Europe* and thy Country.
 For that this Martyr dies; dies for thy Children;
 Dies for the brave Companions of thy Fortune,
 Who weeping now around thy Tent conjure thee,
 To live for them, and *England's* promis'd Glory.

D

GLOSTER.

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G L O S T E R.

O save our Country, *Edward* / save a Nation,
The chosen Land, the last Retreat of Freedom,
Amidst a broken World—Call back thy View,
And trace from furthest Times her old Renown,
Think of the Blood that, to maintain her Rights,
And nurse her shelt'ring Laws, hath flow'd in Battle,
Or on the Patriot's Scaffold. Think what Cares,
What Vigilance, what Tells, what bright Contentions,
In Councils, Camps, and well-disputed Senates,
It cost our generous Ancestors, to raise
A matchless Plan of Freedom: whence we shine,
The happiest of Mankind, the first of Nations.

T H E A L D.

Thy Father sinks in years: ev'n while we speak,
He may be summon'd to a higher State:
Should it be so, say, must we lose thee too?
Wilt thou not, *Edward*, stay to guard the Rights,
The Liberty, the Glory, of thy Country?
Wilt thou not live for her? for her subdue
A graceful Pride, I own, but still a Pride,
That more becomes thy Courage and thy Youth
Than Birth and public Station? Nay, for her,
Say, wouldst thou not resign the dearest Passions?

E D W A R D.

O there is nothing which for thee, my Country,
I, in my proper Person, could not suffer!
But thus to sculk behind another's Life,
'Tis what I have not Courage to support,
It makes a kind of Coward of me, *Gloster*.
Let me, at least,
Ere yet I sink in Death, let me behold,
And wond'ring, thank the Friend, whose Breast is fraught
With such high Ardour for the public Weal,
To give this Instance of exalted Virtue.
Conduct him hither, *Thaid*. [Exit *Thaid*.] Ah, my *Gloster*,
You have not touch'd on something that pleads here
For

For longer Life, beyond the Force of Reason,
 Perhaps too powerful pleads—my *Eleonora*!
 To thee, my Friend, I will not be ashamed
 Even to avow my Love in all its Fondness.
 For Oh, there shines in this my dearer Self!
 This Partner of my Soul! so mild a Light
 Of careless Charms, of unaffected Beauty,
 Such more than Beauty, such endearing Goodness,
 That when I meet her Eye, where cordial Faith
 And every gentle Virtue mix their Lustre,
 I feel a Transport that partakes of Anguish!
 How shall I then behold her, on the Point
 To leave her, *Glester*, in a distant Land?
 For ever in a stormy World to leave Her?
 There is no Misery to be fear'd like that,
 Which from our greatest Happiness proceeds!

*Enter THEALD, presenting the Princess ELEONORA as the
 Person he went to bring. DARAXA following.*

Ye Pow'rs!—What do I see!—I am betray'd!—

EDWARD.

[Turning away.

Edward!

ELEONORA.

EDWARD,

O 'tis too much! O spare me, Nature!

ELEONORA.

Not look upon me, *Edward*?

EDWARD.

Eleonora!

How on this dreadful Errand canst thou come?

ELEONORA.

Behold me kneel—

EDWARD.

Why kneel, thou best of Women!

Thou never hast, not ev'n in Thought, offended;

D 2

Thou

20 EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

Thou art all Truth, and Love, and Angel-Goodness!
Why dost thou kneel? O rise, my *Eleonora*!

ELEONORA.

Let me fulfil my Vow.

EDWARD.

O barbarous Vow!

ELEONORA.

Let me preserve a Life, in which is wrapt
The Lives of Thousands, dearer than my own!
Live thou, and let me die for thee, my *Edward*!

EDWARD.

For me! thy Words are Daggers to my Soul.
And wouldst thou have me then thus meanly save
A despicable Life? a Life expos'd
To that worst Torment, to my own Contempt!
A Life still haunted by the cruel Image
Of thy last Pangs, thy agonizing Throes,
The dire Convulsions of these tender Limbs;
And all for one—O Infamy!—for one,
By Love, by Duty bound, each manly Tie,
Even by a Peasant's Honour to protect thee?

ELEONORA.

This ne'er can blemish thee. I know full well,
There is no Danger, Pain, no Form of Death,
Thou wouldst not meet with Transport to protect me.
But I, alas! an unimportant Woman,
Whose only Boast and Merit is to love thee;
Ah, what am I, with nameless Numbers weigh'd?
With Myriads yet unborn? all Ranks all Ages,
All Arts, all Virtues, all a State comprizes?
These have a higher Claim to thy Protection.
Live then for them.—O make a noble Effort!
What none but Heroes can, bid the soft Passions,
The Private stoop to those that grasp a Public.

Live

Live to possess the Pleasure of a God,
 To bless a People trusted to thy Care.
 Live to fulfil thy long Career of Glory,
 But just begun. To die for thee be mine.
 I ne'er can find a brighter gentler Fate;
 And Fate will come at last, inglorious Fate!
 O grudge me not a Portion of thy Fame!
 As mix'd in Love, O share with me thy Glory!

EDWARD.

In vain is all thy Eloquence. The more
 Thou wouldst persuade, I, with increasing Horror,
 Fly from thy Purpose.

ELEONORA.

Dost thou love me, *Edward*?

EDWARD.

Oh!—If I love thee?—Witness Heaven and Earth!
 Angels of Death that hover round me, witness!
 Witness these Eyes suffus'd, these trembling Arms.
 This Heart that beats unutterable Fondness,
 To what delightful Agony I love thee!

ELEONORA.

Then wilt thou save me, sure, from greater Pain.

EDWARD.

O that I could from all engross thy Sufferings!
 Pain felt for thee were Pleasure!

ELEONORA.

Hear me, *Edward*.
 I speak the strictest Truth, no Flight of Passion,
 I speak my naked Heart.—To die, I own,
 Is a dread Passage, terrible to Nature,
 Chiefly to those who have, like me, been happy.—
 But to survive thee— 'tis greatly worse!

'Tis

22 EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

"Tis a continual Death! I cannot bear
The very Thought—O leave me not behind thee!

EDWARD.

Since nought can alter my determin'd Breast,
Why dost thou pierce me with this killing Image?

ELEONORA.

Ah! selfish that thou art! with thee the Toil,
The tedious Toil of Life will soon be o'er;
Thou soon wilt hide thee in the quiet Grave:
While I, a lonely Widow, with her Orphans,
Am left defenceless to a troubled World,
A false, ungrateful, and injurious World!
Oh! if thou lov'st me *Edward*, I conjure thee,
By that celestial Flame which blends our Souls!
By all a Father, all a Mother feels!
By every holy Tenderness, I charge thee!
Live to protect the Pledges of our Love,
Our Children!—

EDWARD.

Oh!—

ELEONORA.

Our young, our helpless—

EDWARD.

Oh!—

Distraction!—Let me go!

ELEONORA.

Nay, drag me with thee—
To the kind Tomb—Thou canst not leave our Children!
Expos'd, by being thine, beyond the lowest!
Surrounded with the Perils of a Throne!—

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Cruel! no more embitter thus our last,
 Our parting Moments! Set no more the Terrors
 Of these best Passions in Array against me!
 For by that Power, I swear, Father of Life!
 Whose universal Love embraces all
 That breathes this ample Air; whose perfect Wisdom
 Brings Light from Darkness, and from Evil Good;
 To whom I recommend thee, and my Children:
 By him I swear! I never will submit
 To what thy horrid Tenderness proposes!

GLOSTER.

My Lord—

EDWARD.

Oh!—these Emotions are too much—
 I feel a heavy Languor steal upon me:
 Conduct me to my Couch—*Exit Eleonora.*
 If we ne'er meet again—This one Embrace—
 Absolute Nature! thou must be obeyed. *[Exit.]*

ELEONORA.

I will not, cannot quit thee!—

DARAXA.

Princess, stay.

Resistless Sleep now rushes on his Powers:

For so the various Poison oft begins

To spread its dark Malignity.—

ELEONORA.

Ha!—Sleep!

Thanks, gracious Heav'n, who pointest out the Moment,
 The happy Moment steaming with Success!
 From thy blest Throne, propitious, Oh! look down,
 Approve and sanctify my pious Purpose! *[Exeunt.]*

End of the SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, Edward's Tent.

Enter GLOSTER.

O Miracle of Love! O wondrous Princess!
 Souls such as thine alone preserve the Flame,
 That animates Society, alive,
 That makes the Dwellings of Mankind delightful.
 What is vain Life? An idle Flight of Days,
 A still delusive Round of sickly Joys,
 A Scene of little Cares and trifling Passions,
 If not ennobled by such Deeds of Virtue?
 And yet this matchless Virtue! what avails it?
 The deadly Venom with forsaken *Edward*,
 And now pours all its Torments on the Princess.
 The Poison leaves him—But he must awake
 To keener Evils than the Body knows,
 Which Minds alone, and generous Minds can feel.
 O Virtue! Virtue! as thy Joys excel,
 So are thy Woes transcendent, the gross World
 Knows not the Bliss or Misery of either—

Enter Edward.

EDWARD.

Hail to the fresher Earth and brighter Day!
 I feel me lighten'd of the mortal Load
 That lay upon my Spirits. This kind Sleep
 Hath shed a balmy Quiet thro' my Veins.
 Whence this amazing Change?—
 But be my first chief Care, Author of Good!
 To bend my Soul in Gratitude to thee!

GLOSTER.

How fares my honour'd Lord?

EDWARD.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA. 25

EDWARD

To Healthiness remains,
A not unpleasing Weakness hangs upon me;
Like the soft trembling of the settled Deep,
After a Storm.

GLOSTER

— Father of Health be prais'd!

EDWARD

The Moment that I sunk upon my Couch,
A sick and troubled Slumber fell upon me.
Chaos of gloomy unconnected Thought!
That, in black Eddy whirl'd, made Sleep more dreadful
Than the worst waking Pang. While thus I tofs'd,
Ready to bid Farewel to suffering Clay,

Methought an Angel came and touch'd my Wound.

At this the parting Glom clear'd up apace
My Slumbers soften'd; and with Health, return'd
Serenity of Mind, and order'd Thought
And fair Ideas gladdening all the Soul;
Aerial Musick too, by Fancy heard,
Sooth'd my late Pangs and harmoniz'd my Breath
Thro' Shades of Bliss I walk'd, where Heavenly Forms

Sung to their Lutes my *Eleonora's* Love——
But where, where is she? — Glory of her Sex!

O dearer, justly dearer, far than ever!

Quick, let me find her, pour into her Bosom

My full full Soul, with Tenderneſs & ſweet demand? —
With glad Surprise, with Gratitude and Wonder.——

Ha! why this Silence? this dejected Look?

You caſt a drooping Eye upon the Ground,
Where is the Princeſs?

GLOSTER

She, my Lord, reſpoſe.

E

EDWARD

Repotes?—No!—It is not likely, *Gloster*,
That she would yield her weeping Eyes to Sleep
While I lay there in Agonies.—Away the Wretch!
I am too feeble then to know the Truth.
Say, is she well?

GLOSTER

Now show thy Courage, *Edward*—

EDWARD

O all my Fears! I shall start out to Madness!
What! while I slept?

GLOSTER

Yes—

EDWARD

My Peace, my Honour is betray'd for ever!
Inhuman Men! why did ye suffer this?
Angels of Light, could ye, could ye look on,
While it was done? behold her balmy Lips
Drain the foul Poison from my tainted Veins,
To bring me back to a detested Life!

Miserable Distraction!

GLOSTER

Yer hear, my Lord!

EDWARD

Away—I'm all Despair,
O Love! O Shame! O murder'd *Elonora*!

GLOSTER

Unhappy Prince! go find thy *Elonora*,
And in heart-easing Grief exhale thy Passion:
All other Comfort, now, were to talk down
The Winds and raging Seas.—But yonder comes
Th' *Arabian* Princess. From her Tears I learn
The moving Scene within.

Enter

Enter Daraxa, and a Messenger from Selim attending at some Distance.

DARAXA. Oh! 'tis too much! To mould
I can no more support it.

GLOSTER. Generous Mourner,
How is it with the Princess *Eleonora*?

DARAXA. Struck by the Poison, on her Couch she lies,
A Rose soft-drooping in *Sabea* Vales,
Beneath the fiery Dog-star's noxious Rage.
O Christian Chief, I never shall forget
The Scene these melting Eyes have just beheld,
With mingled Tears of Tenderness and Wonder.

GLOSTER.
How was it, Princess?

DARAXA. When this Pride of Woman,
This best of Wives, which in his radiant Course
The Sun beholds, when first she, sickening, felt
Th' imperious Summons of approaching Fate,
All rob'd in spotless White she sought her Altars;
And, prostrate there, for her departing Soul,
The Prince her Husband, and her Orphan-Children,
Implor'd th' ETERNAL MIND.—As yet she held
Her swelling Tears, and in her Bosom kept
Her Sighs repress'd: nor did the near Approach
Of the pale King of Terrors dim her Beauty;
No, rather adding to her Charms, it breath'd
A certain mournful Sweetness through her Features.
But as th' increasing Bane more desperate grew,
Wild to her Bed she rush'd, and then, undressed,

EDWARD AND ELEANORA.

The lovely Fountains of her Eyes were open'd,
Then flow'd her Tears.——“ Conquial Bed, the cry'd,

“ Chaste Witnesses of my Tenderness for him,

“ To save whose Life I unrepining die,

“ In Bloom of Youth, farewell! — Thou shalt, perhaps,

“ Receive a fairer, a more happy Bride; if thou wilt, I am on my way

“ But never a more faithful, never one

“ Who loves her Husband with a sonder Passion.”

Here flow'd her Tears afresh; with burning Lip

She press'd the humid Couch, and wept again.

At last, while weary Sorrow paus'd, she rose,

And, fearing lest immediate Death might seize her,

Demand'd to be led to see the Prince;

But Fear of chasing from his Eyes, too soon,

The salutary Sleep that heal'd his Pangs,

Retrain'd her trembling Footsteps. On her Couch,

Abandon'd to Despair, she sunk anew,

And for her Children call'd. Her Children came.

A while, supported on her Arm, she ey'd them,

With Tears pursuing Tears a-down her Cheek,

With all the speechless Misery of Woe——

G L O S T E R.

Proceed, *Daraxa*!

Check not, nor try to hide those virtuous Drops;

How bright, how graceful is the Tear that flows

From sympathetic Pity!

D A R A X A.

Then starting up, she went

To snatch them to a Mother's last Embrace;

When frail reflecting that the piercing Poison

Might taint their tender Years, she sudden shrunk

With Horror back——“ O wretched *Eleanora*!

“ (She weeping cry'd) am I forbid to taste

“ The poor remaining Comfort of the Dying,

“ To see a Husband, clasp my dearest Children,

“ And mix my parting Soul with theirs I love?”

He

Her sad Attendants, that till then had mourn'd
In silent Sorrow, all, at this, gave way
To loud Laments — She rais'd her languid Eye,
And casting on them round a gracious Smile,
To each by Name she call'd, even to the lowest.
To each extended mild her friendly Hand,
Gave, and, by Turns, receiv'd a last Farewel.

G L O S T E R.

Why were my lingering Years reserv'd for this ?

D A R A X A.

Come nearer, thou, the Messenger of *Selim*,
And bear him back this Answer — His chief Aim,
He says, in stooping to sell his Peace,
Was from the Chains of Infidels to save me.
What ! was it then to rescue me he sent,
Beneath an all-rever'd and sacred Name,
Beneath the Shelter of his Hand and Seal,
A murdering Wretch, a sacrilegious Bigot,
Barely to slay the gallant Prince of *England* ?
So sure the Poison work'd, the Christian Prince
Had now been mingled with the mighty dead,
If his bright Princess, glorious *Eleonora*,
Had not redeem'd his dearer Life with hers.
You heard in what Extremity she lies.
Go, tell the Tyrant then — O Heaven and Earth !
O Vanity of Virtue ! that *Daraxa*
Should e'er to *Selim* send so fell a Message —
I will suppress its Bitterness — Yet tell him,
This Crime has plac'd eternal Bars betwixt us.
See my last Tear to Love — ~~Arabian~~ Wilds
Shall bury 'midst their Rocks the lost *Daraxa*.
Away !

Exit Messenger.

G L O S T E R.

Behold, they bear this Way the Princess,
Once more to hail the Radiance of the Sun,
Ere yet to mortal Light she bid farewel.

Enter

30 EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

Enter Theald, Edward, Eleonora born in by her Attendants.

ELEONORA, *entering.*

A little on, a little further on,

Bear me, my Friends, into the cooling Air.

O chearful Sun! O vital Light of Day!

O Clouds that roll your Tempest thro' the Sky!—

EDWARD.

That Sun is Witness of our matchless Woos,

Is Witness of our Innocence — Alas!

What have we done to merit this Disaster?

ELEONORA.

O Earth! O genial Roofs! O the dear Coast

Of *Albion's* Isle! which I no more shall see!——

EDWARD.

Nay, yield not to thy Weakness, *Eleonora!*

Sustain thyself a little, nor desert me!

Th' all-ruling Goodness may relieve us still.

ELEONORA.

Edward! I tremble! Terror seizes on me!

Thro' the rent Veil of this surrounding Sky,

I had a Glimpse, I saw th' eternal World.

They call, they urge me hence—Yes, I obey.

But O forgive me, Heaven! if 'tis with Pain,

With Agonies, I tear my Soul from His!

EDWARD.

Heavens! what I suffer!—How thy plaintive Voice

Shoots Anguish thro' my Soul!

ELEONORA.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA: 32

ELEONORA.

'Thy Hand, my Edward—Some Power unseen—
Is dragging me away—O yes a little,
Stern Tyrant, spare me! Ah! how shall I leave
My weeping Friends, my Husband and my Children?

EDWARD.

Unhappy Friends! O greatly wretched Husband!
And O poor careless Orphans, who not feel
The Depth of your Misfortune!

ELEONORA.

Soft, lay me down—my Powers are all dissolv'd—
A little forward bend me—Oh!
Lay me down!

EDWARD.

How that soft Frame is torn with cruel Pangs!
Pangs robb'd from me!

ELEONORA.

'Tis thence they borrow Ease!

My Children! O my Children! you no more
Have now a Mother!

EDWARD.

What desolating Words
Are these? more bitter than a thousand Deaths!

ELEONORA.

Edward, I feel an Interval of Ease;
And, ere I die, have something to impart
That will relieve my Sufferings.

EDWARD.

Speak, my Soul!
Speak thy Desire: I live but to fulfil it.

ELEONORA.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

Thou seest in what a hopeless State I lie,
I who this Morning rose in Height of Youth,
High-blooming, promis'd many happy Years;
I die for thee, I self-devoted die.
Think not from this, that I repent my Vow;
Or that, with little Vanity, I boast it:
No; what I did from unrepenting Love

I cheerful did, from Love that knows no Fear,
No Pain, no weak Remission of its Ardor;
And what, alas! what was it but the Desire
Of Honour, and of Duty?

Two Fears yet stand betwixt my Soul and Peace.

One is for Thee; lest thou disturb my Grave
With Tears of wild Despair. Grieve not like those
Who have no Hope. We yet shall meet again,
We still are in a kind Creator's Hand;

ETERNAL GOODNESS reigns. Beside, this Parting,

This Parting, *Edward*, must have come at last,

When Years of Friendship had, perhaps, exalted
Our Love, if that can be, to keener Anguish.

Think what thy Station, what thy Fame demand;

Nor yield thy Virtue even to worthy Passions.

My other Care—Ah! wherefore should I name it?

From that thy equal Tenderness with mine,

Thy Love and Generosity secure me,

Our Children—

EDWARD.

On this Hand, O! dying Sweetness,

This cold pale Hand I vow, our Children never.

Shall never call another by the Name

Sacred to thee; my *Eleonora's* Children

Shall never feel the hateful Power thou fear'st.

Where can I find such Beauty? Where such Grace,

Where such a soft Divinity of Goodness?

Such Faith? such Love? such Tenderness unequal'd?

Such

Such all that Heaven could give—to make me wretched !
 The Moment that I lose thee—Oh ! I know not !
 I dare not think !—But these unhappy Orphans
 Shall now be doubly mine ; to shelter them,
 These Pledges of our Love, for their dear Sakes
 Thy *Edward* shall exert his utmost Strength
 To brave the Horrors of loath'd Life without thee.

ELEANORA.

Enough ! enough ! upon this solemn Compact
 Receive them from my Hands.

EDWARD.

Dear Hands ! dear Gift !
 Dear, precious, dying, miserable Gift !
 With Transport once receiv'd, but now with Anguish !

ELEANORA.

What darksome Ways I tread !—O Sun !—O Earth !

EDWARD.

Stay, cruel, stay !—Thou leav'st me, *Eleanora* !

ELEANORA.

Ah ! the strong Hand of Iron Fate compels me !

EDWARD.

Raise, raise, my *Eleanora*, thy sweet Eyes,
 Nor quit thy Children !

ELEANORA.

With what Pain I quit them !

O Heav'n !—receive my last Adieu—

EDWARD.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

EDWARD. *How shall I name the deed?*

O yet again behold them!

ELEONORA.

Oh!—The Darkness!—

A deadly Weight—

EDWARD.

Thou leav'st me thus for ever!

ELEONORA.

Not yet—I still remain a Slave to Torment.

The quivering Flame of Life leaps up a little.

Grant me, my *Edward*, grant this last Request!

Leave me a Moment, while I yet enjoy!

A parting Gleam of Thought—Leave me to Heaven!

Gloster—farewel!—Be careful of the Prince—

Attend him hence—and double now thy Friendship!

EDWARD.

Barbarian off!—Ah! whither would'st thou drag me?

GLOSTER.

My Lord, in Pity to the Princess—

EDWARD.

Oh! sister, sister!

ELEONORA. *How can I bid thee go?*

Farewel! a long farewell!—

ELEONORA.

EDWARD.

O Word of Horror!—

There, take me, lead me, hurl me to Perdition!

[Exit with Gloster.]

ELEONORA.

ELEONORA.

'Tis past, the Bitterness of Death is past——

Alas! *Daraxa*, I can ne'er requite

Thy generous Cares for me. Thou art the Cause

My *Edward* lives, my Children have a Father,

Thy Heaven-inspir'd Proposal——Tell him, *Theald*,

That, in the troubled Moments of our Parting,

I had forgot to beg he would restore

Th' *Arabian* Princess to her Friends and Country——

A Deed like this, howe'er in Faith we differ,

Humanity, the Soul of all Religion,

May well permit.

DARAXA.

Our Paradise, the Garden of the Blest, By Virtue's sacred Fire!

Ne'er smil'd upon a purer Soul than thine.

For me, think not of me; such are my Woes,

That I disdain all Care, detest Relief:

My Name is trod in Dust; thine beams for ever,

The richest Gem that crowns the Worth of Woman.

ELEONORA.

The Guilt of *Selim* cannot stain thy Virtues:

It rather lends them Lustre—Bear me back,

My dear Attendants: and, good *Theald*, come,

Come, aid my mounting Soul to spring aloft,

From the lov'd Fetters of this kindred Clay,

To the bright Realms of everlasting Day.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Third ACT.

F 2

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE continues.

Enter Theald, and a Gentleman.

THEALD.

TO me a Dervise ! Thro' the furious Camp,
Yet raging at the Perfidy of *Selim*,
How did he safely pass ?

GENTLEMAN.

Sir, he had fallen

A Victim to their Vengeance; but he told them,
His Life was of Importance to the Prince,
That he who struck him, stabb'd the Heart of *Edward*.
This stay'd their Rage ; then, after a strict Search,
They let him pass thro' Ranks of glaring Eyes.

I have besides to say, an *English* Ship
And one from *Italy* are just arriv'd :

The first brings great Dispatches to Prince *Edward* ;
The other, *holy Father*, these to you.

[*Kneeling.*]

THEALD.

Go, bid this Dervise enter.

[*Exit Gent.*]*He opens and looks on the Dispatches.*

Awful HEAVEN !

Great Ruler of the various Heart of Man !
Since thou hast rais'd me to conduct thy Church,
Without the base Cabal too often practis'd,
O beam upon my Mind the holy Light,
The Virtues which that sacred Trust requires :
A loving, lov'd, unterrifying Power,
Such as becomes a Father ; humble Wisdom ;

Pleas

Plain primitive Sincerity; Mad Zeal,
 For Truth and Virtue rather than Opinions;
 And above all, the charitable Soul
 Of healing Peace and Christian Moderation—
 The *Dervise* comes.

Enter Selim disguised as a Dervise.

THEALD.

With me, what would'st thou, Dervise?

SELI M.

The Princess *Eleanora*, lives she still?

THEALD.

She lives, and that is all.

SELI M.

Allah be prais'd!
 Then lives the Honour of the brightening Name
 Of *Saracen* and *Mussulman*.

THEALD.

How, Dervise?
 What can wipe out the Horror of this Deed?

SELI M.

The Deed was execrable; but my Hand
 This Instant shall prevent the dire Effects.
 I bring a certain Remedy for Poison;
 Nor can it come too late, while wand'ring Life
 Yet with faint Impulse flits along the Veins.

THEALD.

Ha! Dervise! Art thou sure of what thou say'st?

SELI M.

S E L I M.

Christian, I am; and therefore am I here.
 Haste, lead me to the Princess: 'Tho' she lay
 Even in the last Extremity, tho' call'd
 By the fierce Angel who compels the Dead,
 Yet bold Experience gives me Room to hope.
 Say, wilt thou trust me with the Trial, Christian?

T H E A L D.

Thou know'st, we have great Reason for Distrust;
 But Fear in those who can no longer hope
 Were idle and absurd.

S E L I M.

Bright Heaven! what Fear?
 Is there a Slave of such inhuman Baseness
 Nurs'd on the sick'ning Bosom of this Earth,
 Could add *fresh* Outrage to that dying Softness?
 For Virtue dying? Look into my Eye:
 Does one weak Ray there shun thy keenest Gaze?

T H E A L D.

No; seeming Truth and generous Candour shine
 In what thou say'st. Come, follow me, good Dervise.

S E L I M.

A Moment yet.—Should Heaven accord Success,
 I have, besides the Life of *Eleonora*,
 My injur'd Sultan's wounded Name to save;
 Whose Soul abhors the Crime imputed to him.
 Then let me be the first who to the Prince
 Imparts the happy News; that *Selim's* Honour,
 Enforc'd by *Edward's* Joy, may strike more deep,
 With strong Conviction.

Enter

Enter Darax.

D A R A X A.

[The departing Princess, who has just seen the delivering Moment, and demands Thy Presence, reverend Christian.

T H E A L D.

Dervise, come.

Forbid it Heaven this Aid should be too late ! [Exit with Selim.

D A R A X A.

O my astonish'd Fancy !—can it be ?—
In his fierce Looks, methought, I mark'd the Sultan ;
And, as he shot athwart me, from his Eye
Flash'd the proud Lightning of affronted Virtue.
He must be innocent ; his being here
Is radiant Proof he must—O weak *Darax* !
What Man of Virtue more would deign to lodge
His Image in thy Breast ? Ah ! what avails
The light unfounded Love, the treacherous Friendship,
That, credulous and rash, gives up unheard
A worthy Man to Infamy and Slander ?
They talk'd of Aid—what Aid ?

[A Green beard enters.

For Death was in that Sound ;—and now her Soul,
Exulting, quits the Coil of this dim World.

Alas ! what Refuge for *Darax* then—

Where must she guide her lonely Step ?—Confusion !

Despair and Desolation frown around me.

Soft, soft, awhile ; I will explore my Fate—

Seek out this Dervise—If he prove my *Selim*,

I've wrong'd his Honour ; and when Justice claims,

The noble Mind feels Triumph in Concession ;

But should his haughty and resentful soul

Insult my Tears, and scorn my Supplication,

It matters not what wayward Fate betides,

Or whither wanders then the lost *Darax*.

[Exit.

Enter

40 EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

Enter EDWARD from the Tent.

She is no more ! the Soul of every Grace,
Of every Virtue ! Tenderness itself !
The matchless *Eleonora* is no more !
Where am I ? Heavens !—Ah ! what a hideous Desert
Is now this World, this blasted World, around me ?
O Eleonora ! perish'd Eleonora !
Pour not so fast thy Beauties on my Heart :
Ah ! whither shall I fly from thy Perfections ?—
Where go ?—That Tent ! Ah ! that Way Madness lies !—
I dare not enter there. There Death displays
His utmost Terrors.
The Grave too is shut up, that last Retreat
Of wretched Mortals—Yes, my Word is pass'd,
To *Eleonora* pass'd. Our Orphan-Children
Bind me to Life—O dear, O dangerous Passions !
The Vallant, by himself, what can he suffer ?
Or what does he regard his single Woes ?
But when, alas, he multiplies himself
To dearer Selves, to the lov'd under Fair,
To those whose Bliss, whose Being hang upon him,
To helpless Children ! then, O then ! he feels
The Point of Misery fest'ring in his Heart,
And weakly weeps his Fortune like a Coward.

Enter Gloster.

EDWARD.

My Lord of *Gloster*,
I thought my Orders were, to be alone.

GLOSTER.

Forgive my fond Intrusion—But I cannot
Be so regardless of thy Welfare, *Edward*,
As to obey these Orders.

E.D.

EDWARD.

Shall be obey'd——I will enjoy my Sorrows,
But they must,
All that is left me now.

GLOSTER.

'The more thy Grief
Seeks aggravating Solitude, the more
It suits my Love and Duty to attend thee.
To try to sooth——

EDWARD.

Away! thou never shalt.
Not all that idle Wisdom can suggest,
All the vain Talk of proud unfeeling Reason,
Shall rob me of one Tear.

GLOSTER.

Of Nature's Tears
I would not rob thee: they invigorate Virtue,
Softens, at once, and fortify the Heart.

EDWARD.

Hence! leave me to my Fate——You have undone me:
You have made Shipwreck of my Peace, among you,
My Happiness and Honour; and I now
Roam the detested World a careless Wretch!

GLOSTER.

Thy Honour yet is safe; O! still preserve it!
Ye great, ye pitying Powers that rule Mankind!
Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him
With this fair-weather Virtue, that exults,
Glad, o'er the Summer Main! The Tempest comes,
The bold Winds speak aloud; when from the Helm
This Virtue shrinks, and on the Rock of Passion
Blast, Fame, and Reason, all are wreck'd and lost.

G

Heav'n!

42 EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

Heav'ns ! how debas'd, if privileg'd from Trial,
How cheap a Thing were Virtue !

EDWARD.

Rail——insult——
Thou canst not make me feel thee——all is past—
I have no more Connection with Mankind.

GLOSTER.

Insult thee, *Edward* ? Do these Tears insult thee ?
These old Man's Tears !—Friendship, my Prince, can weep,
As well as Love——But while I weep thy Fortune,
Let me not weep thy Virtue sunk beneath it——
Thou hast no more Connection with Mankind ?
Put off thy craving Senses, the deep Wants
And infinite Dependencies of Nature ;
Put off that strongest Passion of the Soul,
Soul of the Soul, Love to Society ;
Put off all Gratitude for what is past,
All generous Hope of what is yet to come :
Then use this Language——Let me tell thee, *Edward*,
Thou hast Connections with Mankind, and great ones,
Thou know'st not of ; Connections ! that might rouse
The smallest Spark of Honour in thy Breast,
To wide-awaken'd Life and fair Ambition.

EDWARD.

What dost thou mean ?

GLOSTER.

What mean I——this Day, in *England*,
How many ask of *Palesfine* their King,
Edward their King !——Read these——Returning Reason,
O guide, conduct him by thy friendly Ray
To that high Sense of Dignity and Fame
Whence *Frenay* hath mislaid him !

ED.

EDWARD, *perusing the Dispatches.*

Gloster!—Gloster!

Alas! my Royal Father is no more!

The gentlest of Mankind—O! why, Affliction,

Why thus pursue me with unwearied Steps,

And with fresh Torments load my harrafs'd Breast?

Thus weak of Heart, thus desolate of Soul,

Ah! how unfit am I, with steady Hand,

To rule a troubled State!—She, she is gone,

Softener of Care, the dear Reward of Toil,

The Source of Virtue! She, who to a Crown

Had lent new Splendor, who had grac'd a Throne

Like the sweet Seraph Mercy tempering Justice.

O *Eleonora!* she is now no more.

G L O S T E R.

Now is the Time, now list thy Soul to Virtue!

Behold a Crisis, sent by Heaven, to save thee.

Whate'er, my Prince, can touch, or can command,

Can quicken or exalt the Heart of Man,

Now speaks to thine——Thy Children claim their Father,

Nay, more than Father, claim their double Parent;

For such thy Promise was to *Eleonora*:

Thy Subjects claim their King, thy Troops their Chief:

The Manes of thy Ancestors consign

Their long-descended Glory to thy Hands;

And thy dejected Country calls upon thee

To save her, raise her, and protect her Honour.

Angels themselves might envy thee the Joy,

That waits thy Will of doing general Good;

Of spreading Virtue, cheering lonely Worth;

Of dashing down the Proud, of guarding Arts,

The sacred Rights of Industry and Freedom;

Of making a whole generous People happy.

And need I add—Thy *Eleonora's* Death

Calls out for Vengeance——

G.

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Ha!

GLOSTER.

If thou, indeed,

Dost honour thus her Memory, then show it,
Not by soft Tears and Womanish Complaints,
But show it like a Man!——

EDWARD.

I will!

GLOSTER.

Yon Towers!

EDWARD.

'Tis true!

GLOSTER.

Yon guilty Towers!

EDWARD.

Insult us still!

GLOSTER.

The Murderer of thy Princess riots there!——

EDWARD.

But shall not long!—Thou art my better Genius,
Thou brave old Man! thou hast recall'd my Virtue—
I was benumb'd with sorrow—what—or where—
I knew not—never to have thought of this.
Bright Virtue, welcome! Vigour of the Mind!
The Flame from Heaven that lights up higher Being!
Thrice welcome! with thy Comrade, Resolution!
And just Revenge! Hence, let us to the Camp,
And there transfuse our Soul into the Troops.
This Sultan's Blood will ease my fever'd Breast.

Yes,

Yes, I will take such Vengeance on this City,
That all Mankind shall turn their Eyes to *Jaffa*;
And, as they see her Turrets sunk in Dust,
Shall dread the Terrors of Eternal Justice.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE The Camp.

*Enter Selim, and Daraxa.**

DARAXA.

I *Indignant Selim, turn—yet turn and hear me.*

SELIM.

Indignant! Yes, and false *Daraxa's* Guilt
Hath made me so—What! credit the vile Tale
That mingled *Selim's* Name with foul Dishonour?
O! light of Faith! O! credulous of Soul!
Where then, injurious Woman, where was fled
Thy firm Affiance here? My Crime thou saidst
Had plac'd eternal Bars between our Hearts;
Such was the haughty Answer to my Zeal
To rescue thee from Bondage—Yes, I bade
My Pride submit to Love, to give thee Freedom.
“Eternal Bars!” Remember, nor complain
To feel the Misery thou meant'st for me.

DARAXA.

O! I acknowledge, I repent my Crime:
But let the wild Distraction of my Soul
Wherewith I then was torn, obtain my Pardon!
Hast thou, like me, beheld the virtuous Princess,
Lost *Eleonora*, breathing out her Spirit
In agonizing Pangs!—

SELIM.

* This Scene proposed for Representation, but not introduced.

SELIM.

Away, away!

Thou shouldst have seen the Christian Race expire
With unchang'd Vileage, and unruddied Mind,
Ere doubted *Selim's* Honour.

DARAXA.

Lo! again

I bow to Earth in Sorrow and Remorse.
Think what my Heart endures, while thus I sue
For what I thought I never could have lost,
My Selim's Love!

SELIM.

Thy Selim!

DARAXA.

Kill me not

With thy Contempt, but rather let thy Poignant
Inflict the Punishment my Crime deserves,
And let me die at least like *Selim's* Wife.

SELIM.

Like *Selim's* Wife!

And art thou she? Is't possible
Her generous Bosom could descend so low,
Where noblest Confidence—

DARAXA.

One erring Moment

Made me unworthy of the Name—but cannot

A Life of Sorrow and unceasing Tears.

Obtain thy Pardon for one fatal Rashness?

O! I will never quit these honour'd Knees,

Ne'er cease to fix these flowing Eyes on thine,

Till thou relent, and speak the Voice of Pardon

To thy once-lov'd *Daraxa!*

SELIM.

SELIM.

Oh ! that Look !

It melts my best Resolves !

DARAXA.

Assist me, Prophet.

To win his yielding Soul ! Now, now he looks,
 He speaks himself—Oh ! the delightful Break
 Of Tenderness in those melodious Notes,
 The Dawn of Heav'nly Pity in those Eyes !
 Indulge ! Indulge it, *Selim* !
 Hast thou not often said, the Self-accus'd
 Deserve no deeper Wound, but claim Compassion
 Ev'n from the Breast they injure ?—Such thy Precepts
 When, in soft Intercourse and sweetest Converse,
 Our Hearts first mix'd ; when *Selim's* Virtues, blown
 To full Perfection in their native Soil,
 (Like that kind Plant whose bending Head creates
 A second Root) bow'd down with graceful Sweetness,
 And took fresh Growth in his *Daraxa's* Breast.

SELIM.

O ! lovelier far, than the fair promis'd Virgins
 Wherewith our Prophet's Paradise is stor'd !
 Take my returning Love, accept it all,
 In this full Burst of Tenderness and Tears !
 Lift up thine Eyes—let clearest Confidence
 Calm and assure thy Heart !

DARAXA.

It doth, it doth !

Selim-hath spoke it, and my Heart obeys ;
 Thanks are too poor for Happiness like mine—
 But wherefore here, in this Disguise ?

SELIM.

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SELIM.

I come

To clear my injur'd Name——

Nay, cease—I meant not

To wake the painful Feelings of thy Mind.

THEALD. [*Within*]

The Dervise—show me to him!

SELIM.

Theald's Voice!

He comes to lead me to the Prince.—Retire

Awhile, my Love; this Interview compleats

My Business here—these Christians must be taught

What *Selim* is—they shall behold him break

Thro' the foul Mist, Suspicion cast around him,

(As bursts the Sun from momentary Clouds)

And pour a brighter Radiance wide abroad.

DARAXA.

Cheer'd by that welcome Radiance, thy *Daraxa*

Feels vivifying Joy expand her Breast;

As a soft Flow'r, that droop'd a while beneath

Fast-falling Rains, revives and blooms anew,

Cheer'd by the Comfort of returning Rays.—

[*Exit Daraxa.*]

SELIM.

• O my *Daraxa*! thou hast charm'd my Soul!

This reconciling Interview has sooth'd

My troubled Bosom into tender Joy;

As when the Spring first, on the soften'd Top

Of *Lebanon*, unbinds her lovely Tresses,

And shakes her blooming Sweets from *Carmel's* Brow——

Enter Theald.

THEALD.

I fought thee, worthy Dervise.

SELIM.

• The Fifth Act in the present Representation begins here.

S E L I M.

Reverend Christian,

My toiling Thoughts can find no fix'd Repose,
 'Till the wrong'd Sultan's vindicated Honour
 Shine out as bright as yon unfully'd Sky.

Conduct me to the Prince—I claim thy Promise.—
 It stings my conscious Soul with sick Impatience,
 To think what *Selim* suffers. For a Man,
 Who loves the Ways of Truth and open Virtue,
 To lie beneath the burning Imputation
 Of Baseness, and of Crimes—such horrid Crimes!—
 O 'tis a keen unsufferable Torment!
 Come, let me then discharge this other Part
 Of my Commission.

T H E A L D.

He strait will come this Way, the King of *England*,
 That thou soon shalt do.
 Such now he is. Mean Time, 'tis fit to tell thee,
 He must be manag'd softly; for his Passions
 Are all abroad, in wild Confusion hur'd:
 The Winds, the Floods, and Lightning mix together.
 I need not say how little, in this Uproar,
 Avails the broken thwarted Light of Reason.

S E L I M.

Fear not. I trust in Innocence and Truth.

T H E A L D.

He cannot long delay, for, as I enter'd,
 I saw him parting from the hurried Camp.
 That lighten'd wide around him: burnish'd Helms,
 And glittering Spears, and ardent thronging Soldiers,
 Demanding all the Signal, when to storm
 These Walls, devoted to their Vengeance.—

S E L I M.

Ha!

Then let us quickly find him—But he comes.

H

Enter

Enter Edward, and Gloster.

EDWARD.

Whence is it those Barbarians, here again,
Those base, those murdering Cowards, dare be seen?
What new accurs'd Attempt is now on foot?
What new Assassination?—Start not, Dervise,
Tinge not thy catiff Cheek with red'ning Honour.
What thou!—Dost thou pretend to feel Reproach?
Art thou not of a shameless Race of People,
Harden'd in Arts of Cruelty and Blood,
Perfidious all? Yes, have ye not profan'd
The Faith of Nations? broke the holy Tie
That binds the Families of Earth together,
That gives even Foes to meet with hostile Joy,
And teaches War Security? Your Prince,
Your Prince has done it!

THEALD.

Sir, this Dervise comes,
To clear the Sultan *Selim* from that Crime,
Which you, with strong Appearance, charge upon him.

EDWARD.

Appearance, *Theald*? with unquestion'd Proof.
Doubtless the Villain would be glad to change
The Course by Nature fix'd, enjoy his Crimes
Without their Evil—But he shall not 'scape me!

SELIM.

If, King of *England*, in this weighty Matter,
On which depends the Weal and Life of Thousands,
You love and seek the Truth, let Reason judge;
Cool, steady, quiet and dispassion'd Reason:
For never yet, since the proud selfish Race
Of Men began to jar, did Passion give,
Nor ever can it give, a right Decision.

EDWARD.

E D W A R D.

Reason hath judg'd, and Passion shall chastise,
 Shall make you howl, ye Cowards of the *East* !
 What can be clearer ? This vile Prince of *Jassa* !
 This Infamy of Princes ! sends a Russian,
 By his own Hand and Seal commission'd, sends him,
 To treat of Peace : And, as I read his Letters,
 The Villain stabs me—This, if this wants Light,
 There is no Certainty in human Reason ;
 If this not shines with all-convincing Truth,
 Yon Sun is dark—And yet these Cowards come
 With lying Shifts, and low elusive Arts—
 O it inflames my Anger into Madness !
 This added Insult on our Understanding,
 This treacherous Attempt to steal away
 The only Joy and Treasure of my Life,
 Sweet sacred Vengeance for my murder'd Princess !

S E L I M.

The curst Wretch who did assail thy Life,
 O King of *England*, was indeed an Envoy
 Sent by the Prince of *Jassa* : This we own.
 But then he was an execrable Bigot,
 Who, for such horrid Purposes, had crept
 Into the cheated Sultan's Court and Service ;
 As by the Traitor's Papers we have learn'd.
 For know, there lives, upon the craggy Cliffs
 Of wild *Phœnician* Mountains, a dire Race,
 A Nation of Assassins. Dreadful Zeal,
 Fierce and intolerant of all Religion
 That differs from their own, is the black Soul
 Of that infernal State. Soon as their Chief,
 The Old Man (so they style him) of the Mountains,
 Gives out his baleful Will, however fell,
 However wicked and abhor'd it be,
 Tho' cloth'd in Danger the most cruel Death,
 They, swift and silent, glide thro' every Land,

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As fly the gloomy Ministers of Vengeance,

Famine and Plague,

And never fail to execute his Orders.

Of these the Villain was, these ruffian Salts,

The Curse of Earth, the Terror of Mankind :

And thy Engagement, Prince, in this Crusado,

That was the Reason whence they sought thy Life.

EDWARD.

False, false as Hell ! the Lye of guilty Fear !

You are all Bigots, Robbers, Ruffians all !

It is the very Genius of your Nation.

Vindictive Rage, the Thirst of Blood consumes you :

You live by Rapine, thence your Empire rose ;

And your Religion is a meer Pretence

To rob and murder, in the Name of Heaven.

S E L I M.

Be patient, Prince, be more humane and just.

You have your Virtues, have your Vices too ;

And we have ours. The liberal Hand of Nature

Has not created us, nor any Nation,

Beneath the blessed Canopy of Heaven,

Of such malignant Clay, but each may boast

Their native Virtues, and their Maker's Bounty.

You call us Bigots.—Oh ! canst thou with that

Reproach us, Christian Prince ? What brought thee hither ?

What else but Bigotry ? What dost thou here ?

What else but persecute ?—The Truth is great,

Greater than thee, and I will give it Way ;

Even thou thyself, in all thy Rage, wilt hear it.

EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Away ! restrain thy soft licentious Speech !
With thee, vile Dervise, what have I to do ?
I lose my Hour of Vengeance, I debase me,
To hold this Talk with thee.

SELIM.

While Truth and Reason
Speak from my Tongue, vile Dervise as I am,
Yet am I greater than the highest Monarch,
Who, from blind Fury, grows the Slave of Passion.
Besides, I come to justify a Prince,
Howe'er in other Qualities below thee,
In Love of Goodness, Truth, Humanity,
And Honour, Sir, thy Equal ;—Yes, thy Equal !—

EDWARD.

My Equal saidst thou ?—Ha ! presumptuous Dervise !
Thou gnaw'st thy quivering Lip—A smother'd Passion
Shakes thro' thy Frame.—What Villainy is that
Thou dar'st not utter ?—Wert thou not a Wretch,
Protected by thy Habit—Hence ! away !
Go tell thy Master that I hold him base,
Beyond the Power of Words to speak his Baseness !
A Coward ! an assassinating Coward !
And when I once have dragg'd him from his City,
Which I will straightway do—I then will make him,
In all the Gall and Bitterness of Guilt,
Will make the Traitor own it.

SELIM *discovering himself.*

Never !

EDWARD.

Ha !

SELIM.

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SE L I M.

Thou canst not, haughty Monarch!—I am he,
I am this *Selim*! this insulted *Selim*!
Yet clear as Day, and will confound thy Passion.

EDWARD.

Thou *Selim*!

SE L I M.

I.

EDWARD.

Was ever Guilt so bold?

SE L I M.

Did ever Innocence descend to Fear?

EDWARD.

This bears some Show of Honour. Wilt thou then
Decide it by the Sword?

SE L I M.

I will do more—

EDWARD.

How more?

SE L I M.

Decide it by superior Reason.

EDWARD.

No weak Evasions!

SE L I M.

If I not convince thee,

If by thy self I am not of this Crime

Acquitted, then I grant thee thy Demand.

Nay more, yon yielded City shall be thine:

For know, hot Prince, I should disdain a Throne,

I could not fill with Honour. Were I guilty,

I would not tremble at thy threatening Voice;

No, 'tis myself I fear.

E D.

EDWARD.

What shall I think?

SELIM.

Hear but one Witness, and I ask no more,
To clear my Name. The Witness is a Woman.
Her looks are Truth; fair uncorrupted Faith
Beams from her Eyes. Thou ne'er canst doubt such Beauty;
For 'tis th' Expression of a spotless Soul.

EDWARD.

Curse on thy mean luxurious Eastern Arts
Of Cowardice! Thou wouldst seduce my Vengeance——
But I detest all Beauty——Barbarous Sultan!
Ah! thou hast murder'd Beauty! thy fell Crime——
Haste, *Glosser*, haste——In Sight of Camp and City,
Prepare the Lifts—Now show thyself a Prince,
Or die in shameful Tortures like a Slave.

SELIM.

I came not hither, Prince, to dread thy Wrath,
Or court thy Mercy.

GLOSTER.

Sir, you cannot, justly,
Refuse him his Demand. The fervent Soul
Of undisssembled Innocence, methinks,
Is felt in what he says. First hear this Person,
And if she gives not clear and full Conviction,
Have then Recourse to what should always be
The last Appeal of reasonable Beings,
Brute Force.

EDWARD.

Enough, conduct her hither, Sultan.—

[*Selim goes out.*]

Ah! my disorder'd Mind! from Thought to Thought,
Uncertain, tofs'd, the Wreck of stormy Passion!
This Rage awhile supports me; but I feel

It

It will desert me soon, and I again
 Shall soon relapse to Misery and Weakness.
O Eleonora! little didst thou think,
 How deeply wretched thy dire Gift of Life
 Would make me!

To them Selim conducting Eleonora, Daraxa, and Theald.

SE L I M.

Raise thine Eyes, O King of *England*,
 To the bright Witnesses of my blameless Honour.

E D W A R D.

No; Beauty shall no more engage my Eyes,
 It shall no more profane the Shrine devoted
 To the sweet Image of my *Eleonora!*
 Let her declare her Knowledge in this Matter.

E L E O N O R A.

Will not my *Edward* bless me with a Look?

E D W A R D.

What Angel borrows *Eleonora's* Voice!
 O thou pale shade of her I weep for ever!
 Permit me thus to worship thee—Thou art! —
 Amazing Heaven! —Thou art my *Eleonora!*
 My dear, my lov'd,
 My living *Eleonora!* —What—to whom
 Owe I this Miracle? this better Life?
 Oppressive Joy! —owe I my *Eleonora?*

E L E O N O R A.

To him, that generous Prince, who put his Life
 His Honour on the desperate Risque to save me,
 When number'd with the Dead; who brought, himself,
 A swift and powerful Remedy, by which
 I am to light restor'd—to thee, my *Edward!*

E D W A R D.

To him! to him! O monstrous! whom I, thus,
 Have with such Inhumanity insulted!

Blind, brutish Rage! And canst thou then forgive me,
 Thou who hast o'er me gain'd that noblest Triumph,
 The Triumph of Humanity?—Thou canst,
 'Tis easier for the Generous to forgive
 Than for Offence to ask it.

S E L I M.

Use not, Prince,
 So harsh a Word. More than forgive, I love
 Thy noble Heat, thy beautiful Disorder.
 O! I am too much Man, I feel, myself,
 Too much the charming Force of human Passions;
 E'er to pretend with supercilious Brow,
 With proud affected Virtue, to disdain them.

E L E O N O R A.

Exalted, glorious Chief! Hence let us learn,
 (Deficient in ourselves!) coolly to judge,
 And cautiously arraign another's Heart.
 Misled by Warmth, by Prejudice, or Pride,
 How oft hath Passion's hasty Tongue proclaim'd
 What cool Reflection shudder'd to repeat!
 Join then, my *Edward*, join in grateful Thanks
 To this our Guardian Angel, gen'rous *Selim*;
 To him and Heav'n! whose wonder-working Hand
 Turns Tears to Smiles, Affliction to Delight.

E D W A R D.

Take, with the O'er-flowings of a grateful Heart,
 Thy good, thy lov'd *Deraxa*, whom I meant
 To have restor'd, when this Misfortune happen'd;
 But secret-working Heaven ordain'd her Stay;
 To save us all.

S E L I M.

Wert thou the Lord of Earth,
 Thou could'st not give me more!—my dear *Deraxa*!

I

D A R A X A.

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DARAXA.

Ah! why from me conceal this blest Event?
Yet pardon!—Ev'ry painful Thought is lost
In *Selim's* Love and *Eleonora's* Safety.

EDWARD.

Hence, to the Camp, my *Glester*—Bid the Soldiers
Forake the Trenches—Let unbounded Joy
Reign, fearless, o'er the mingled Camp and City—
Go, tell my faithful Soldiers, that their Queen
My *Eleonora* lives! A Prize beyond
The Chance of War to give! She lives to soften
My too imperious Temper, and to make them,
To make my People happy!

ELEONORA.

Transporting Bliss!—How bountiful is Heaven!
Depressing often, but to raise us more.
Let never those despair who follow Virtue.

EDWARD.

Love—Gratitude—divide me—Once more, Sultan,
Forgive me; pardon my mistaken Zeal,
That left my Country, cross'd the stormy Seas,
To war with thee brave Prince, to war with Honour.
Now that my Passions give me Leave to think:
The Hand of Heaven appears in what I suffer'd.

SELI M.

It does, O King. And, venerable Christian,
I know thy Moderation will excuse me.
“But since by ruling Wisdom, (who unweigh'd,
“Unmeant, does nought) Men are so various made,
“So various turn'd, that in Opinion they

“Must



ELIZABETH and J. L. LONDON

EPILOGUE,

Written by R. SHERIDAN, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

WE wedded Critics, who have mark'd our Fate,
How say you? does our Plot in Nature fail?
May we not boast that many a Modern Wife,
Would lose her own to save a Husband's Life?
Would gladly die—O monstrous and ill-bred,
There's not a Husband here but shakes his Head!*

*But you, my Gall'ry Friends †—Come, what say you?
Your Wives are with you—shake their Noddles too!*

*Above there—hey Lady ‡—You'll not treat us so—
You side with us!—They grin and grumble No!*

*'Tis bold—the plain Folks, produce their Davies,
Sure we have Eleonora's in the Boxes!*

*Inhuman Beaux!—why that ill natur'd-Swear!
What then you think there's no such Idiot here?*

*There are, no Doubt, tho' rare to find I know,
Who could lose Husbands, yet survive the Blow;
Two Years a Wife—view Lashia, sobbing, eyeing,
Her Chair is waiting—but my Lord is dying!
Preparing for the worst! she tells her Maid,
To countermand her Points and new Brocade;
For O! if I should lose the best of Men,
Heav'n knows when I shall see the Club again.
“ So, Lappet, should be die while I am out,
“ You'll find for me at Lady Basto's Rout;
“ The Doctor said he might hold out 'till Three,
“ But I ha'n't Spirits for the Coterie!”*

* To the Pit.

† First Gallery.

‡ Second Gallery.

P I L O G U E.

*Now change the Scene—place Madam in the Fœvre,
My Lord for Comfort at the SCAVOIR VIVRE;*

His Valet enters—Shakes his meagre Head,

“CHAPEAU—what News?—Ah! Sir, me Lady dead.”

“The duce!—’tis sudden, faith!—but four Days sick!—

“Well, Sven’s the Main!—(poor Kate)—Eleven’s a Nick.

But hence Reflection on a senseless Train,

Who, lost to real Joy, should feel no Pain;

‘Mongst Britain’s Daughters! Still can Hymen’s Light

Reveal the Love which charm’d your Hearts to Night,

Shew beauteous Martyrs—who would each prefer,

To die for him, who long has liv’d for her;

Domestic Heroines—who with fondest Care

Outsmile a Husband’s Griefs—or claim a Share;

Search where the rankling Evils most abound,

And heal with Cherub-Lip the poison’d Wound.

Nay such bright Virgins in a royal Mind

Were not alone to Edward’s Days confin’d,

Still, still they beam around Britannia’s Throne,

And grace an Eleanora of our own.



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